generations. It is good to have around just for sentimental reasons, but it is still, like a deep well, full of refreshment each time it is taken into hand. He might surprise you on what he says about "When that which is perfect is come." For a 500-page hardbound it is reasonable at 9.95.

The 2-Vol. set of *Millennial Harbinger* is always a top seller because it is a magnificent collection of the best of Campbell's writings. 12.95 for the set. All our prices include postage.

READERS EXCHANGE

I think the "Church of Christ" is the greatest mission field there is, so I intend to stay and do what I can.
– Edna Eckenberg, Olathe, Ks.

The Fool of God is excellent reading! I have new appreciation for "a movement to unite the Christians in all the sects." As I read I feel as though I have been transported back 150 years and have the rare privilege of becoming intimately acquainted with a truly great man of God. Please continue to recommend it to others.
– Greg Newman, Canby, Or.

The Georgetown Church of Christ here is 125 years old. This year, in honor of that fact, they used the cup communion set they used 100 years ago. The oldest members say they used to take communion but twice a year. Do you know when we started having communion every week? *–Robert L. Wilson, Cincinnati*

(The first Church of Christ in the Campbell movement, which started in 1811, had the Supper each first day from the very first Sunday they met. The Christian Churches under Stone, which started in 1804, observed it quarterly. When the two united in 1832, weekly observance was soon common for both. *– Ed.*)

I've discovered an unanswerable reply to the question of why we don't use the instrument in our services. It is not copyrighted and is simply: *we don't want to use them.* Try it!
–Ralph Embry, Leitchfield, Ky.
(You might try: *because we never have. – Ed.)*

I appreciate your work in trying to promote unity among God's children. I thought when I was exclusively working with the non-Sunday School segment of the brotherhood, that we had a private hold on sectarianism. But I've found the spirit of division much worse with the main-line Church of Christ. I look forward to the day when we all will be one.
–Frank Poynor, Portales, NM

Another two years by all means! God bless you. Hook 'em Horns and Happy New Year!
–G.N. Page, Pflugerville, TX

The recent article "Matters of Faith are Matters of Fact" was especially helpful to me since I'm a theology major at Cincinnati Christian Seminary. It is important to see that right opinions in the area of theology are not essential to salvation.
–Scott Robertson, Cincinnati, OH

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RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

February, 1978 Volume 20, No. 2

In the midst of winter, I finally learned that there was in me an invincible summer.

— Albert Camus

The Ancient Order . . .

THE SHARED LIFE OF THE PRIMITIVE COMMUNITY

Unless one can understand this constant mood of victorious, jubilant happiness and confidence, he simply will not understand primitive Christianity. This is the feature that marked it off completely from Judaism. —Johannes Weiss, *Earliest Christianity*, p. 41

The famous Heidelberg professor of New Testament is saying that if one does not recognize the joy that permeated the life of the earliest believers he will fail to grasp the true character of the primitive church. Prof. Weiss sees their jubilant happiness as that which set them apart from the old community of Judaism, but it could also be said that it was their joyous faith that distinguished them from all the religions of the world, both before and after their time. The secret of their power was their "peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." It was not that they had found a new system of doctrine superior to all others, but they had discovered a new life in a Person whom they believed to be the risen Christ. No other religion, however rich in age and tradition, could offer such joyful hope. They might proffer wisdom but not jubilation.

Their shared life was thus a life of joy. It was a fellowship of joy, and that is really what fellowship means, the *shared life.* Some versions, such as *The New English Bible,* do not even use the word fellowship at all. Whereas the KJV renders Acts 2:42 "They continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers," the NEB has it,"They met constantly to hear the apostles teach, and to share the common life, to break bread, and to pray." Rather than saying "we have fellowship one with another" in 1 Jn. 1:7, the NEB says, "we share together a common life."

If our people could come to understand that fellowship is the sharing of life in Jesus rather than some kind of doctrinal approval, it would go a long way toward healing our divisions. We are in fellowship, or we share a common life, not because we agree on certain points of doctrine and practice, but because we have a common relationship with Jesus. Just as with your earthly brothers and sisters: you are kinfolk, not because you agree on everything, which you don't, but because you have the same parentage. I am the seventh of eight children, and I am six years older than the baby of the family, so I was old enough at the time of his birth to know something was up. They sent me to grandma's to spend the night. The next morning I was introduced to my baby brother. I was not asked whether I approved or if I would accept him. There he was in the family and I was stuck with him. We were brothers because we had been begotten of the same father and born of the same mother. All these years we have a "shared life" in the Garrett family, not because we see things

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alike, which we don't, but because of our common heritage.

In our search for the ancient order, therefore, we are to recognize that the earliest believers were a *community,* bound together by a common relationship. That relationship was of such sublime magnitude, transcending anything ever before experienced by man, that it was a jubilant community. Their joy was real for they knew they were "an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for God's own possession" (1 Pet. 2:9). They had a confidence that knew no doubt, for they lived in and for him "who loved me and gave himself for me" (Gal. 2:20). *Who can separate us from the love of Christ?* had but one answer and this was the source of their jubilation. They knew that all the evil forces around them could not touch them, whether tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril—not even the sword. *In all things we are more than conquerors.* This accounts for their triumphant joy.

As one reads through the first chapters of Acts she is made aware not only of the emerging community, but of a joyful community. They were not simply church members or part of an institution: they were a community in celebration. Acts 2:46 says of them, "And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." This serves as a brief summary of their shared life. As a part of the old community they attended the temple services, especially the hours of prayer, and now as believers they did not forsake the custom of their fathers. But this probably refers to the teaching they did in many small gatherings throughout the temple grounds as well as to the prayers, as Acts 5:42 states: "And every day in the temple and at home they did not cease teaching and preaching Jesus as the Christ." The rapid growth of the community—3,000 to 5,000 to multitudes—can be accounted for only on the ground of their jubilant faith in the risen Messiah. It was contagious, not because of their technique, but because of their message. A message of joy, good news.

They also met "at home," which probably refers to gatherings in many homes rather than house to house by the same group, for the community was too large for that. There is also evidence that they carried their message to the hundreds of synagogues throughout Jerusalem. A rabbinic tradition says there were 480 synagogues, while Josephus refers to 600, and since they were open to any brother who had a word of exhortation these provided many opportunities to witness to the faith. Stephen, the community's first martyr, was a hero in preaching Christ in the synagogues.

The reference to breaking bread at home almost certainly means more than simply eating together. This practice, described as "the breaking of bread" in Acts 2:42, did not have any Jewish counterpart. A Christian, eating in a Jewish home, would never call it "the breaking of bread," for it meant more than eating to a believer. In some special way Jesus broke and blessed the bread at the last supper, and it must have been this unique practice that caused him to be recognized by the two disciples after his resurrection: "When he was at the table with them, he took the bread and blessed, and broke it, and gave it to them. And their eyes were opened and they recognized him; and he vanished out of

their sight" (Lk. 24:30). He had done similarly in feeding the multitudes: "And taking the five loaves and the two fish he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and broke the loaves, and gave them to the disciples to set before the people" (Mk. 6:41). He did the same thing at the second feeding of the crowd (Mk. 8:6).

Our Lord did not only thank the Father for the bread, but he also broke the loaves, apparently one by one, before them all. He did not bother to cut the fish, and he certainly did not break the loaves for distribution purposes, for the loaves went on to multiply and multiply. When it was all over they took up twelve baskets of *broken* pieces! So it must have had some ceremonial value, perhaps a symbol of their common relationship to the Father. He thanked God and broke the loaves. He must have done that which they had never seen before, and it may have become a means of recognizing him later on.

There is not yet any wine associated with "the breaking of bread," which we have in the Lord's Supper. Jesus combines the wine and the bread in the upper room, and we see this as our Lord's Supper, and Paul couples the "cup of blessing which we bless" with the "bread which we break," and this too is our Supper. But there must have been a symbolic "the breaking of bread" apart from the Supper. We cannot be sure that "the breaking of bread" in Acts 2:42 refers to the Lord's Supper. It might rather refer to this *daily* practice of gathering in a multitude of homes and celebrating their faith "with unaffected joy," as the NEB renders "with gladness and singleness of heart." That verse, Acts 2:47, mentions *both* "breaking bread" and "partaking of food with gladness and singleness of heart." Does this not indicate that beside a common meal there was "the breaking of bread" that had special significance to them? They did it because Jesus had done it with them.

We would do well to employ some of these pregnant symbols of the primitive saints. Since our family was all to be together on Christmas, I asked Ouida to prepare a small loaf of bread (not unleavened necessarily, just bread) for "the breaking of bread" before our feast together. Like Jesus, I thanked God for the loaf and broke it, and passed it around the table, each partaking of a portion, mindful of God's blessings and of our oneness both as a family and as friends in Christ. While I believe that the Supper itself is for the assembled community on Lord's day, and not a family or individual celebration, this is not true of "the breaking of bread," which the earliest Christians did every day in their homes and which Jesus did either with a multitude or with just two others, and at any time. We found our breaking of bread to be meaningful, and I plan to do it more often, especially on special occasions when believers call at our home.

We could also make a meaningful practice of making the sign of the cross in our prayers and meditations, especially when we pray alone. If it bothers you that "the Catholics do it," then you are to be informed that ancient Christians (maybe not as early as first century) crossed themselves in honor of "the cross" long before any Roman Catholics ever came along. We should not do it (or anything else) "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," for that is anti-scriptural. I baptize people, as the Lord instructed. "*into* the name, etc., but not "*in* the name". The difference is very important.

This is what I mean about making the sign of the cross. You are praying about glorying only in the cross of Christ—not in a party or a church or in being right or in Social Security or in your position—but only in the cross of Christ. As you pray that way, cross yourself. You will find it meaningful. If you can wear a cross around your neck, you can surely mark off one over your heart. It gives you something to do as a kind of overt commitment to what you have prayed. Try it. It is in your roots.

So, we have seen that the primitive believers were a joyous, jubilant community, gathering in the temple, in synagogues, and in homes, not only preaching and teaching the faith, but rejoicing and praising God in their homes—and breaking bread in a ritual celebration *daily*, along with eating together. This evolved into what came to be known as the love feast, *agape*, which again was more than a meal, for it symbolized their oneness and their love and acceptance of each other.

But there is much, much more, and we'll be looking into various aspects of their shared life (fellowship). They were a praying community, and on one occasion the house shook when they prayed. If we do not get results like that, maybe it is because we don't pray like they did. They were a united community, holding all things in common. They shared their goods, selling property and dividing the spoils, "as every man had need." Even though poverty stalked their culture, there is that remarkable line describing them: "There was not a needy person among them" (Acts 4:34). And they were a community looked up to by the people, which may seem contradictory since they were the followers of an executed criminal. But we are to remember that it was the authorities, not the common people, who conspired in the rejection of Jesus, deceiving *some* of the people into going along. But eventually persecution did come and they were scattered, the blood of the saints becoming the seed of the kingdom.

Our search for the ancient order does not imply, I presume, that we today are to do exactly as they did. It is better to say that we are to do for our generation what they did for theirs. The record does not read as if it were intended as a blueprint for all ages to come. No exact pattern emerges. True, they sold their land and made a communal distribution, as each had need. That may not mean that we *must* do the same, but it means that we might. At least we are to show the same concern for each other. I would not say that we should ceremoniously break bread every day in our homes, but since it meant so much to them, we should give it careful consideration in our search.

But still there is a pattern for us. The norms emerge as to what the Church of Christ upon earth is to be, what is *really* important. We too are to be a loving, jubilant community, praising God and witnessing joyfully to our faith. Their order (techniques, methods, procedures) was expressive of their inward joy in the Spirit. They did nothing arbitrarily. If they were united with all their problems, why can't we be? Their experiences provide clues, as well as instructions, on how we are to do it. The scriptures they gave us out of their experiences are our authority, but the scriptures have to be interpreted in the light of their own situation as over against ours. We

may decide we can buy and own property even though they sold theirs! And yet who knows but what if we sold our church real estate and gave the money to the hungry world, and started meeting in homes like they did, we might move closer to their "victorious, jubilant happiness and confidence."

– *the Editor*

WHAT REALLY MAKES US ONE?

Ouida and I went to hear Ann Kiemel when she visited our little city last week. Our congregation sold tickets to the affair, which were but a dollar, mainly because a number of our sisters have been especially impressed by her ministry and books. Ouida was interested in hearing her, so I went along, but with no special eagerness, for, being a male chauvinist, I have a prejudice against women preachers, though Ann is not exactly a preacher. She sits on a stool, which helps, and uses no pulpit, which also helps, and she doesn't shout at you, which really helps. In fact she talks quietly, almost in a whisper, and with love and humility. She is disarming, projecting not herself at all, but the one who apparently has complete control of her life, Jesus. She is no phony, that was obvious.

Ouida was impressed with her *I'm Out to Change My World,* which I have not yet read. I'm suspicious of books written by women. But I don't need to read it, for our lovely sisters at our congregation, one by one, have told me this story and that anecdote from it and other of her books. So I knew something of Ann's ministry before I heard her speak. She does things like pray with people (with her eyes open so as not to attract undue attention) on airplanes, talk about Jesus on the streets, and sing little heart songs to folk in restaurants. There was this sophisticated business man sitting beside her on the airliner, who happened to be a Jew. When the hostess served them their meal, Ann asked him if he would like for her to thank God for the food, which she must have done quietly and tenderly, that being her nature. *What?* responded the man. When she repeated what she had in mind, he told her to go ahead if she wanted to, but to be quick about it! Ann not only thanked the Lord, but prayed for the stranger sitting beside her. He was touched by her loving words to the point of tears, assuring her that it was beautiful, and he could not get enough from her for the rest of the flight.

She is convinced that everyone is hungry for God and His love. When men come to her home to repair this or that, she sings little songs to them, some of which are of her own composition. This often leads them to open up their hearts to her and pour out their aches and pains. I was impressed with her desire to minister for Jesus in her own neighborhood, to change her world if but a bit by showing love to those around her, whether waitresses, bell hops, paper boys, or those who park cars and sweep the streets. She has but one theme and that is Jesus and his love. She also scored with me in revealing her love and loyalty for her mama and daddy, even to keeping an appointment with them rather than to accept a lucrative assignment. She is unmarried.

But I was as much interested in the audience that had gathered as I was in Ann, which was made up of some 400 of our citizens, young and old alike, and probably of every denominational persuasion in town. As we all listened to Ann tell about this poor, wayward waitress who came to her home at love's invitation and poured out her life of sin to God on bended knees in the middle of Ann's living room, my own eyes were filled with tears as I am sure most everyone else's were. This was because we were all touched by the humble ministry of an unpretentious woman who desires only to share the love of Jesus with people who hurt.

On the way home that Saturday I told Ouida that almost certainly most of those who had gathered to hear Ann experienced a more spiritual and moving fellowship than they would the next day with their churches. She told us about her life with Jesus in that hard, indifferent world out there, and there isn't much of that in our churches. It was a cold, uncomfortable day, but still hundreds gathered, busy people who had other things to do that Saturday—to hear a person who is out to change her world by sharing Jesus.

I felt a oneness with those who had gathered. They were there to hear how Jesus has changed people's lives through one simple person. She so projected the Lord and magnified his love in her own personality that Jesus seemed to be present himself. There we were, as diverse as any assembly of believers would likely be, sharing our tears of joy with one we did not even know personally, and all this because of him whom we all love, having never seen. Jesus the Lord! What a difference he makes!

Isn't this the only unity and fellowship that has any meaning? It is Jesus who really makes us one in spite of all our differences and hangups. Had Ouida and I brought Ann home with us for the weekend, there would have been an immediate bond between us. She could not be a stranger in our home because she loves him whom we love, and she, like ourselves, acknowledges him as the Lord of her life. "He is himself our peace" Eph. 2:14 assures us. It is only his love that can heal divisions. Doctrinal conformity never healed a broken heart and never united that which is divided. Power is in love, not in a chart outlining the five acts of worship. Healing and unity are in a Person, not in "doctrinal soundness."

On the other hand, should we have in our home some of the elders of the Churches of Christ of this city, with whom we would surely have more doctrinal agreement than with Ann Kiemel, they would be strangers to us and there would not be "the unity of the Spirit." Sectism and legalism have driven these men not only to be rude and disrespectful but cruel and despotic as well. Never mind that they belong to "the Lord's church" or that they may be able to quote a lot of scriptures. They don't really love Jesus. They may know some things *about* him, but they do not know him. Otherwise they would not be heartless and oppressive toward their own people who deviate only slightly from the party line, however humbly. One who loves Jesus does not hate and maltreat his brothers.

The enmity that Jesus came to remove, the middle wall that he took

away, is the pride, selfishness, and partyism that separate people from each other. When sectarian pride is removed and the love of Jesus rules the heart, then folk are no longer strangers. They are brought nigh by the blood of Christ. They still have hangups and they are still wrong about some things, but there is a new song in their hearts and it is this power that makes them true friends. It is not so much that they have learned a lot more, but that they have discovered a Person.

This is why we must conclude that the true disciples are those who love Jesus and crown him as the Lord of their lives, and it is this and only this that brings us together in the fellowship of the Spirit. If one loves Jesus, we may assume that she is seeking both to know and to do his will, for if we love him we will keep his commandments. It is this *seeking* that makes one a true disciple. Those who have already learned it all and stand in cruel judgment over all others who are less enlightened than themselves may be good legalists but they are not faithful disciples. Such ones are uncomfortable in the presence of people who love Jesus rather than a party. They are threatened by those who would be free from sectism and devoted only to Jesus.

A congregation is not united simply because they have all been baptized and all gather in the same building, or even because they more or less believe everything alike. A party has never united anybody and never will. It may set them apart as a sect, separated from the rest of the Body of Christ, but it never heals, comforts or unites. Only the love of Christ does that. Even a Hitler or a Nero could have been transformed into a gentle, compassionate, child-like person by the love of our Lord. But nothing else could have done it, and nothing else can do it for us. No party, no philosophy, no church, no set of doctrines, no good works. We need God's grace and Jesus' love as much as any Hitler or Nero ever did. It is only the gospel, the good news of Jesus' love for us, that makes us one.

Think of it, the likes of the wicked Nero would be a friend and brother in your home once he is changed by the love of Jesus. United with a Nero in the Spirit! Such is the power of the gospel of love. Unless that love burns in people's hearts we are not and cannot be one with them in the Spirit, whether they be educated clergy, sophisticated church folk, or influential editors.

"To crown all, there must be love, to bind all together and complete the whole" (Col. 2:12, NEB).

–the Editor

It is obvious that Thomas Campbell found Christians in all churches. He was not disposed to challenge the Christianity of those who differed with him in matters of theological detail. If there had been no Christians among the Methodists and Baptists of his day, there would have been none to unite, and his entire plan would have fallen to the ground. *– Stephen J. England*

Highlights in Restoration History . . .

THE SCRIPTURE THAT FIRED A MOVEMENT

Some historians have recognized that every reformation within the church has been inspired by the book of Romans. It was certainly the case with Martin Luther, moved as he was by the great truth of Rom. 1:17, "The just shall live by faith." That a lowly monk, troubled by his futile efforts to meet the demands of the law, should be moved as he was by a single line, quoted by the apostle from an ancient prophet, indicates how God's word influences our lives when we are open to the Spirit's leading. It has no doubt happened to many of us, and it is often but a single passage, or one new insight, that turns us in a different direction. And it is often one of the great truths of Romans. Someone was telling me recently that he noticed that when one of our preachers "discovers the grace of God" he begins preaching from the book of Romans.

So it was with Thomas Campbell, that genial Presbyterian who launched "a movement to unite the Christians in all the sects" on the American frontier. His *Declaration and Address,* written in 1804 in the attic of a farm house, is not only the greatest document produced by the Restoration Movement, but it has rightfully gained a place as a classic in the history of ecumenicity. Any of us can look to it as a Magna Charta of Christian freedom. It was written in a time of great unrest. Not only was Napoleon ravaging Europe, to which Campbell makes a reference in the *Address,* but the church was torn by strife and bickering in both Europe and America. Campbell wrote in quest of peace. "Tired and sick of the bitter jarrings and janglings of a party spirit, we would desire to be at rest," he wrote, and then indicated that he was in search of principles that would "restore unity, peace, purity to the whole Church of God."

There is that mentality among us that will have to forgive Mr. Campbell for using the capital C. This remission of his went so far as to take this form: "Our intention, therefore, with respect to all the Churches of Christ is perfectly amicable." What we now call "the church of Christ," with the small *c* mind you, did not, of course, even exist back in 1804. Campbell supposed that the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches were Churches of Christ, in spite of shortcomings that he wanted to help correct.

And notice where his idea of restoration began. He would *restore* unity, peace, and purity to the whole Church of God. This shows that he wanted restoration to be qualitative first of all. He wanted the church to have a certain character—to be united, peaceful, pure —and not simply to have certain forms.

While this important document is eminently scriptural, there are but few direct references to the Bible. After all, one may quote a string of passages without really being scriptural, just as he may set forth concepts and principles that are deeply rooted in scripture without actually quoting passages. But there is one passage that profoundly impressed Mr. Campbell, and it is the one scripture that he refers to more than once, and it is from the book of Romans.

It occurs in Proposition 2 of the *Address,* following the most quoted lines of our Movement's history, in proposition 1: "The Church of Christ upon earth is essentially, intentionally, and constitutionally one." And there is the capital C again, but you must bear in mind that Thomas Campbell did not have the advantage of attending one of our Schools of Preaching or Bible Colleges. Then in Proposition 2 he says: "Although the Church of Christ upon earth must necessarily exist in particular and distinct societies, locally separate one from another, yet there ought to be no schisms, no uncharitable divisions among them. They ought to receive each other as Christ Jesus hath also received them, to the glory of God."

There is the passage that fired a unity movement—Romans 15:7. The way for us to be in separate churches and still be united, he is saying, is for us to practaice Rom. 15:7: "Receive one another, therefore, even as Christ has received you, to the glory of God." That this verse had great influence upon his thinking is evident from the fact that he returned to it after a few more pages: "But how to love and receive our brother, as we believe and hope Christ has received both him and us, and yet refuse to hold communion with him, is, we confess, a mystery too deep for us."

As Luther was touched by the profundity of a single line from Romans in reference to salvation, so Campbell was influenced by a weighty principle from the same book in reference to the unity of the church. Luther came to see that it was faith, *faith only* in that it was by no work of righteousness that he could do, that would liberate him from all the legalisms of his theology. A single line from Romans fired the great Reformation. Little did Habakkuk realize when he wrote that line, *The just shall live by faith,* that it would one day spark a movement that would change the world. Let's be careful never to despise the day of small things. That's in the Bible too, isn't it?

One little verse, tucked away in the latter part of Romans, touched the heart of a man who realized that the church would never be able to unite on opinions, doctrines, or theology. Paul's simple analogy changed his thinking: *those in the church are to receive each other on the same basis that Christ received them.* This is how we can be different from each other and disagree with one another and still be united, by accepting one another just as Christ has received us, with all our errors and hangups. Yes, all those that Jesus receives are "in error" on some things and probably a lot of things. The apostle, in that same great book, says that it was while we were helpless and sinners that Christ died for us.

Many a lost soul has walked the aisle to accept Christ to the tune of that old hymn "Just As I Am." Those pungent lines fit all of us, "Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind—Sight, riches, healing of the mind." If Jesus received us while were were poor so as to make us rich, and while we were blind so as to give us sight, are we not to receive our brothers and sisters on the same grounds? Rom. 15:7 convinced Mr. Campbell that we are. And yet we go on in our self-righteousness taunting those who would "fellowship brothers in error," as if we had any other kind. Aren't you glad that Jesus received you while you were in error? If we had to be right about everything before the Lord would receive us, where would we be now?

the Editor

Pilgrimage of Joy . . .

LOVE FEASTS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND

W. Carl Ketcherside

The largest audience to which I spoke in Scotland was at Tranent. I first arrived there on Thursday, March 20, two days prior to their annual social which had been postponed a month to enable me to be present. I stayed in the home of Brother and Sister Wilson and it was extremely interesting because they could not understand my American dialect and I could not fathom their Scotch brogue. Had it not been for their daughter Jean, who translated for us, we would have been in a real predicament. But there was one thing I understood and that was the oat cakes made by Sister Wilson. I translated them myself. An excellent audience was present for the gospel meeting the first night, and the following night the greatest number of non-members to be seen in many years attended. It was apparent that the social might set a new record.

Brother Wilson spent the entire day making arrangements for the meat pies and other foods essential to serving those who came. Although everything was strictly rationed the government allowed special concessions to churches upon application. The social was held in the Town Hall auditorium on Saturday evening. Visitors were present from most of the places where I had spoken. There were 242 for tea. Afterwards Willie Steele presided and the Motherwell and Blackridge choruses rendered special numbers. Albert Winstanley spoke for fifteen minutes and I followed for an hour. I bade farewell to many precious brothers and sisters whom I would never see again on earth.

The following morning I spoke at the Lord's Day gathering, and again in the afternoon to about 80 boys and girls. The house was almost full at night for the gospel meeting and my final message in Scotland. The next day Albert accompanied us on the seven-hour train trip to Ulverston, in Lancashire, and our first meeting with Walter Crosthwaite. The congregations which combined to support him rented "Ford Villa," the home where our aged brother and his good wife lived, and where the little band of saints met. What a blessing it was to us to stay with the Crosthwaites.

No other one person I have met in my life has impressed me any more than this man. When the tide of compromise, augmented by American influence and money, began to sweep across the congregations in Great Britain many decades ago, he stood like a rock of Gibraltar. As a result his name became revered by some and despised by others. He was as unmoved by the praise of his friends as by the attack of his enemies. Now that he had grown older and was unable to travel as before, it was decided to take advantage of his scriptural knowledge, historical ability and great experience. Young men of promise were sent to live with him for many months during which they sat at his feet for training. Many of those who are active in Great Britain today can look back upon their association with this patriarch with deep appreciation for his help.

We spent hours together exploring our concepts and talking about the problems which had always troubled

us as a people. The clergy system, open communion, methods of evangelism—all of these and many other things came under review. Brother Crosthwaite came to love and cherish Nell as one of his own children. One of our treasured letters from Great Britain after we arrived home came from him and mentioned "dear Nell" with special warmth. I spoke every night while in Ulverston in the little tri-cornered room which seated 34 people. It was full every night with 18 non-members present the first night. One brother who came to share with us was Levi Clark from Barrow-in-Furness. We wrote to each other for years until his death ended our correspondence. I loved and admired him very sincerely.

Our time was not all occupied by meetings. One day we visited the famous English Lake Region. We went to the home of John Ruskin on Coniston Lake. We spent an hour at Bowness and the village church where George Washington's relatives worshiped three generations before his birth. Another day we went to the Quaker meetinghouse built by George Fox in 1688 after he had been imprisoned so many times for open expression of his opposition to war, slavery, and political and religious authority. Upstairs, over the simple meetingroom we found the plain bed and chair used by the persecuted crusader. The large Bible which he studied was upon the desk.

Nell and I had a lump in our throats as we said good-bye to Brother Crosthwaite and Sisters Wood and Ormandy at the Ulverston Railway station. I boarded the train for the Wigan District with a distinct feeling that one of the significant periods in my life had suddenly ended. At Wigan we were met by three outstanding men—Leonard Morgan, of Hindley; Carlton Melling, of Scholes; and Leonard Channing, then of London. Leonard Morgan was an owner of several shops and an elder at Hindley. We were scheduled to stay in his lovely home which was also graced by his wife, Doris, and little son John. Carlton Melling was an elder at Scholes, and employed in the public library at Wigan. He succeeded Bro. Crosthwaite as editor of *Scripture Standard,* the paper published by our British brethren. It is currently under the efficient editorship of James Gardiner, of Haddington, East Lothian, Scotland. Len Channing resided in London, but was engaged in a gospel mission at Scholes. He was capable, active and alert, and already several had been added to the Lord through his personal efforts at Scholes.

It had been arranged that I should meet the first night with the elders and deacons at Hindley. They were a fine group of brethren and they questioned me at length about my views of what was transpiring on "the American scene." I did not realize until later that this was one of the places to which John Allen Hudson had written warning the brethren against receiving me. Our visit turned out to be a glorious one. After seeing me, the brethren concluded they could probably handle any wild ideas I might advance, and after meeting Nell they realized that if my judgment about other things was half as good as it was in selecting a wife, England needed me. The Hindley congregation had produced three outstanding evangelists—Albert Winstanley, Frank Worgan and Tom Kemp. It was a blessing to me to be associated with them.

My first meeting in the district was

at Scholes, with Leonard Channing presiding. At the close of the service two expressed their decision to obey Christ and Carlton Melling announced the fact with well-chosen words. The meeting on Sunday at Hindley was not hindered by the cold coupled with mist and rain. Leonard Morgan presided capably. The order consisted of a hymn, a prayer and another hymn. One brother then arose and read from the old covenant scriptures, and another followed with a new covenant scripture reading. The "prayers of the church" were called for and three brethren prayed in turn. Following another hymn the brethren contributed of their means. The president made an appropriate talk about the meaning of the Lord's Supper, and thanks were given for the bread and cup, and they were offered to the disciples. I was then invited to exhort the saints which I did briefly. There was no invitation given to aliens. This was a family gathering for the children of God, and not a gospel meeting. British brethren knew the difference.

At luncheon in the Morgan home we met Bro. Harold Baines from Morley, in Yorkshire, who informed us that all was in readiness for our visit to that area and promised that we would be treated to the famous "Yorkshire pudding." At 2:00 p.m. we were back at the meetinghouse. Bro. Stephen Winstanley called the youngsters together, and after several choruses, dispatched them to their classes. I spoke to a room filled with older children and their teachers. At 6:00 o'clock I addressed an excellent audience present for the gospel meeting, and at 8:00 o'clock the house was filled for the second gospel meeting. Every seat was taken.

On successive evenings I addressed goodly crowds at Albert Street church in Wigan, at Blackburn and again at Scholes. One evening we held an open air meeting in the public marketplace. Wigan is the oldest borough in Lancashire, having been charted by Henry III in 1246. A hundred years before the American Declaration of Independence was signed the city was known all over the world for its manufacture of bells and pewter.

On Thursday night the brethren in Hindley held a Farewell Rally, attended by representatives from all of the other district congregations. It was evident the Hindley congregation possessed great potential for sparking the work throughout the British Isles. The elders were men of vision, the members of the body seemed consecrated, and the future appeared bright.

If I may digress a wee bit, let me inform you that Wigan was the original home of Miles Standish. He was a resident of Duxberry, Wigan, and named his New England estate after it. It is now well-known as Duxbury, Massachusetts. His wife Rose was the first to become ill on the fateful trip on the Mayflower, and the first to die. She lies sleeping in Burying Hill, at Plymouth Rock. His subsequent infatuation for Priscilla Mullens, who married John Alden, has very little historical basis.

On Friday we flew from Ringway Airport in Manchester, to Belfast, to attend the annual conference of British congregations. Our arrival by the air terminal bus in Donegal Square was greeted by three marvelous people —Mary Hendren, Pearl Hunter and Bobby Hendren. Since we were to stay in the lovely home of Sammy and Pearl Hunter, we took the tram up Ballygomartin Road, and walked up Glencairn Crescent to the house. The

streets were lined with emergency bomb shelters, now being used as playgrounds by boys and girls. After tea we again walked through a lovely park to Shankill Road and then up Berlin Street to the meetinghouse, a former schoolbuilding purchased and remodeled by the brethren.

William Hendren presided over the welcome rally and, in characteristic Ulster fashion claimed that virtually all great men came from North Ireland, including 19 presidents of the United States, as well as Alexander Campbell and Saint Patrick. Speeches were made by George Hudson from Birmingham, England, and Andrew Gardiner from Glasgow, Scotland. I was also invited to speak as a representative of a former British colony which became upset over tax on tea.

On Saturday the conference business was transacted, and reports given, with Joe Hamilton presiding. In the evening William Hendren and I spoke. I was tremendously impressed with his knowledge and ability. The Lord's Day meeting began at 11:30 a.m., and made use of the talents of four English brethren—Robert McDonald, Dewsbury; George Hudson, Birmingham; Fred Hardy, Morley; and Stephen Winstanley, Hindley. George Hendren from Belfast also participated and I gave the exhortation. At the Children's Meeting at 2:30 p.m., Joe Hamilton introduced Stephen Winstanley and myself to speak after encouraging the "lads and lassies" to pay attention.

We adjourned for tea in the home of Granny Hendren, on Brussells Street, just around the corner, and at 6:00 o'clock were all back at the meetinghouse to start the open air meetings. Eighty people marched down the street singing, "Come Ye That Love the Lord!" Stops were made at four intersections with additional songs and an announcement of the meeting to follow. The final open air presentation was directly in front of the meetinghouse. Later, as I arose to speak, the forms (benches) were filled to capacity and people were standing about the walls.

On Monday Nell and I visited the memorial to the Titanic which sank on her maiden voyage in 1912 with a loss of 832 passengers and 680 crewmen. We also went to the monument dedicated personally by General Dwight D. Eisenhower to celebrate the landing of American troops in the war so recently ended. After tea in the home of George and Rachel Hendren, I met with the oversight of the congregation consisting of Joe Hamilton, George Millar, William, Charles and George Hendren. They asked my permission for them to write the brethren in America to send me back to Belfast to help in the evangelizing of Northern Ireland. I little realized then what a change would take place in my life and thought upon my return. We held two open air meetings before the evening service and again the building was full.

The following day a chartered bus took all of the visitors for a tour of Northern Ireland, including the Giant's Causeway. We returned by way of Carrickfergus and the old castle where William of Orange landed and started the drive which made Northern Ireland a Protestant country by the decisive Battle of the Boyne, July 12, 1690. Our tour was on Junior Orangemen's Day which created enough excitement with its massive parade that the gospel meeting was not quite so well attended. It is hard to compete with the Orange Society in North Ireland.

On Wednesday night before the gospel meeting, Bro. Millar presented me with a well-preserved copy of the *Millennial Harbinger*. Thursday evening the meetinghouse was again crowded out. Seven had already obeyed the gospel during our stay and enthusiasm was great. After the regular service a farewell meeting was held, which began with the serving of tea and scones. Joe Hamilton presided. Rachel Hendren was called upon to make a speech of appreciation and ended by presenting Nell with a lovely hand-embroidered Irish linen tablecloth. Bobby Hendren presented each of us a gift and then the chorus stood and sang, "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" We felt a bit flattered for this was the song the Capetown Africans sang to the king and queen as their ship sailed away from the harbor.

All of us were in tears as the meeting ended. Young and old were sobbing as if their hearts would break. We clung to each other reluctant to accept the fact that we had to part. It was long after midnight when we said goodnight to the Hunter family and went to our bed, but we arose early next morning for breakfast, and when we arrived at the airport bus station in Donegal Square we found a company of saints awaiting us. I could name every one of them, but I must limit myself to a special tribute to Mary Hendren who, for thirty years, has faithfully written to us and kept us informed by letters, newspapers and books, of the changing fortunes of the saints in these troublous times.

When we arrived back at Ringway Air Terminal in Manchester, we soon transferred to the rail station to board the train for Morley, near the great industrial city of Leeds, in Yorkshire. The train trip through the hills was beautiful. Gray stone fences centuries old climbed up the steeps. Patches of snow lingered in the upper valleys. Rushing streams tumbled under old stone bridges. The train went through a long tunnel and emerged at Morley.

A PROFESSIONAL FRIEND?

Robert Meyers

They can say all they want to that there is no business like show business, but there is one business that makes show business seem tame and predictable. That's the preaching business, where the ups and downs rival any roller-coaster in the world and where people react to the spoken word in sometimes incomprehensible ways.

Just a few minutes before I sat down to write this I opened a letter from a woman who had heard me speak on Sunday. The sermon had to do with Christian stewardship of the land, and as I spoke of ecological culprits I included the government and greedy business men and ignorant farmers as occasionally guilty. I closed by remembering how my father, a farmer, had loved the land he farmed, and enriched it, and seen it as a gift from God.

But the letter seized upon ten seconds in the sermon and took me to

task for referring to ignorant farmers. "If it wasn't for the farmers who till the ground, where would we all be?" my correspondent asked. I threw up my hands in utter disbelief and called my colleague at the church building to tell him how lucky he was that he did not have to expose himself to the pulpit each Sunday.

He, however, had just returned from a call at the home of the most eminent heart specialist in our state, who told my colleague that he was delighted with what he heard from the pulpit and was becoming a member of the church after many years away! It is a dizzying experience to touch such extremes within a matter of moments, and it might be fatal if one allowed either one to influence him very much.

I find in my files under "Preaching" that I have kept some remarks made by a Unitarian minister who published them in *The American Scholar* a few years back. They are as timely as they were then and I wish to share them with readers of this journal, all of whom either preach or listen to preaching.

The writer argues that "busyness" tempts ministers to become frauds. They try to do the things their fellow church members believe are important until it becomes almost impossible for them to be what they should be. Effectiveness in significant work, he says, has its own timetable and its own obscure ways, and it cannot be drummed up by all the well-meant energies in the world.

He feels that there is a sad lack of vision and intellectual power in the modern American ministry and he blames much of it on the concept that "busyness" is the proof of a successful minister. He thinks that ministers have been convinced that their principal job is to be friendly and pleasing to the largest number of people, to glorify the conventions of their times, and to stay away at all costs from anything that sounds new, creative, or radical. But the *real* aim of preaching, he insists, is to contribute to the transfiguration of life by following an encounter with holiness.

"Preaching is strenuous for the preacher emotionally as well as intellectually," he feels. "Whatever it is, it is not speech-writing on religious topics. It is devouring and bears down horribly on a man's energies and emotions, and like every other job, in one way or another, it will cost a man his life. It is a vocation."

But ministers in enormous numbers yield to distractions and the popularity contest, he laments. "His temptation is to become a Professional Friend, or hypocrite. 'Call your minister,' a Presbyterian tract muses fondly, 'to share your moments of joy! Call him when a son or daughter is going off to college!' Possibly no great harm can come of such airy daydreaming, but the outline of the Professional Friend is in the background like a menacing shadow. Clearly, he has no upper limits to his friendliness and is on call at all hours, for it would take something from the spontaneity if you had to schedule an office appointment to share your moment of joy.

"A real man, with a gift for friendship and rapport, must at some time call a halt to any steady drain on his energies, but the Professional Friend blandly tolerates all because he gives so little beyond his manner. The little sparks that leap between people leap less often from a minister like this, but he is almost invincibly secure because he Gives The People What They Want . . . ."

"If a man feels that he cannot afford the reputation of being unfriendly, and if he thinks that saying no to people's requests will be interpreted this way, he will take things on agreeably and spread himself thin: a morning with an alcoholic, an evening with a desperate married couple, a talk to the Senior Citizens, a visit with an elderly cancer patient, a conference with the church school superintendent, a form to fill out, a letter to write, arrangements with a Girl Scout leader for use of the church hall, chaperoning a youth square dance, an interview with a nonmember who wants her daughter's illegitimate daughter christened—anything a minister might be asked to take on, or volunteer for . . ."

Too much of this, our man thinks, is distraction and makeshift, two activities that have eaten their way into the heart of the Protestant ministry. He calls for intellectual concentration and spiritual intensity and says that the minister must learn to resist the thoughtlessness of many of the demands made upon him.

The essay, as you might guess, stirred considerable controversy. I feel myself that it may be terribly hard to know at times what is trivial and thoughtless and what is important. Probably some who read the essay would feel that it hints that reading and meditation are more important than some of the pastoral work one is called to do. I doubt that the author means this. I think, rather, that he is pleading for a restored balance in a ministry that has given itself far too much to busy work and too little to communion with God and great ideas.

OUR CHANGING WORLD

There is evidence that Churches of Christ in many places are becoming more sensitive to suffering humanity, despite all the bromides about "the social gospel." That we are changing in our attitude toward divorce and the divorced is a case in point. I know of at least three programs across the country that aim at ministering to the divorced, and two of them are directed by divorced preachers. Moreover, when I was in Searcy, Arkansas recently J. D. Bales of Harding College told me that he is changing the position he has held on divorce and remarriage, and he indicated that this has already brought some fire from the right. If the fire came from the right (and does it ever really come from the left?) it must have been at close range, for one doesn't get very far to J. D.'s right! But I say bully for J. D. It is wise men who change their minds.

I was recently with the College Church of Christ in Conway, Arkansas. Sometime back they issued a neat folder entitled "A Search for Real Values" to be circulated in their community. I have filed one away for some future historian who will be looking at what happened to us in the 1970's. But I'll let you in on some it: "The College Church of Christ in Conway, Ark. is a fellowship of people who are seriously endeavoring to discover the

secret of the early Christians. We do not believe that this can be done merely by aping their practices, for many of their ways of doing things are irrelevant to our own times. What we seek are the principles, the spirit, the deep-seated conviction that moved them to the greatest heights of spiritual endeavor the world has ever seen. We do not claim to have fully discovered their secret, for this must come to each person as he grows into a personal relationship with God. Any given individual among us may never come to such a relationship in the fullest sense, but we invite him to try." Another paragraph includes this: "We will not haggle with you over special and private interpretations of the Bible, nor require you to subscribe to a special set of beliefs called 'Church of Christ doctrine.' Any person who seeks to develop and deepen his commitment to Christ is welcome in our midst."

This comes from still another Church of Christ: "Keep up your ministry. Our elders here read every line and eagerly wait each edition. We are looking for a young man, gifted with young people, upright and full of the Spirit. He need not be married. We thought you might know someone who is looking for a bit more freedom. Actually a lot more freedom, for our elders are gentle and open and the congregation is a happy, loving people." We all like to hear of such churches. If any young worker among us is interested, send us your name and we'll pass it on to the appropriate person.

Editor Reuel Lemmons recently wrote in the *Firm Foundation*, which also appeared in Jimmie Lovell's *Action*, these encouraging words: "We feel that a brighter day is ahead. The folly of petty division is becoming more clearly evident. Brethren are getting tired of strife. We are beginning to realize that there is enough room for individual opinion without destroying the faith once delivered . . . There are many factious divisions in our history in which groups have chosen to go their separate ways. The tragedy is when they cease to think of each other as brethren and no longer treat each other as brethren. There are encouraging signs that a better climate is developing." Brother Lemmons, in making such statements from time to time, does not make it clear whether instrumental music is a matter of "individual opinion" upon which we can differ without dividing. In this particular editorial he puts Sunday Schools in this class. He also refers to the Sommer movement as "almost completely absorbed back in the body." It sounds like "the body" to Reuel is the mainline Church of Christ. I thought all our brethren, whether anti-Sunday School, pro-instrumental music, or anti-college. were in the Body. I should like for Reuel to tell us what one has to do to be "absorbed in the body" other than to be baptized into Christ, as all these brethren are. If he is urging us all not to be sectarian in the opinions we hold, then I would urge that it is as appropriate for us to cease rejecting our brothers over instrumental music as for the non-Sunday School folk to cease rejecting us because of the Sunday School. Can any one of our factions claim to be "the body" and thus presume that all others are to be "absorbed" into our sect?

One reader prizes this journal to the extent that he thinks it should be required reading for all members of the Church of Christ. But at the same time I have word on good authority that one of our leading Schools of Preaching instructs its students before they go out that they are to beware of Carl Ketcherside and Leroy Garrett and that they are not to read anything that they write. While we may not be able to make this or any other journal required reading, we can all pray that our people may have open minds.

You will remember the travel letter in which I told of my visit with Herman and Thelma Sims in Royalton, Illinois. The latest word from Thelma is that Herman has gone home to glory after a siege of illness in the hospital. Herman remains in my heart as one of those unforgetable characters, a person in love with life, the Lord, the church, the scriptures, his wife, and his farm home. As I told you, after all these years he still slept in the bed in which he was born. Thelma writes that he wanted to live to see Haley's comet, and that she assured him that in his Great Adventure he'd see far greater things than a little old comet prancing around in the heavens. He loved to write about the Bible. I have scores of pages on hand, neatly penned in ink. He was that painstaking just for one reader. His inquisitive mind played upon many subjects. I rejoice with him that he now knows what it is all about and no longer has to look through a glass darkly. He was a very uncommon man, my kind of a guy. I am pleased that he made his way into this journal and thus into our history.

There is not enough darkness in the whole world to put out the light of one wee candle.

- Scottish proverb

OFFICE NOTES

Ouida urges you to give us both your old and new addresses when you send in a change. You are also to be informed that your name is removed from our list if you move and do not send us a change of address.

All 20 issues of this journal for 1975-76 (400 pages) are bound in a durable, handsome volume, with dust jacket, special introduction and table of contents for only 5.95. The volume for 1977 will be available by early spring. if you have not placed your order, we encourage you to do so. Send no money. An invoice will be enclosed when we send the book.

The *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell* by Robert Richardson, the richest resource on Restoration history, is again in print. The 1,211 pages are in one durable, easy-to-read volume. 17.95.

The Disciples of Christ are taking their faith and history more seriously these days. Fifteen men and women have written *This We Believe*, the reading of which will clue in on what they are thinking. If we need to get better acquainted with those who are heirs with us in the Restoration ideal, this is a good place to start. 4.25.

Isaac Errett was one of the greats in our history, and he wrote great practical lessons on the scriptures. His 3-Vol. set on *Evenings With the Bible* is still available at only 13.00.

Another great in our history was B.W. Johnson. His *The People's New Testament* has been a favorite for